PROPOSALS.

Few Girls Have Received as Many as Miss Columbia.

Some of the Letters Contain Stipulated Conditions.

Others Verify the Adage that "Love Is Blind.?

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

THE EVENING WORLD offers a gold double eagle for the best love-letter containing a proposition of matrimony addressed to the Typical American Girl. For convenience this typical young lady might be called "Miss Columbia." No letter should contain more than two hundred words. Competitors may write over a non-de plume if they so desire. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has kindly agreed to act as judge in the matter and award the prize.

For Matual Improvement. Retermed Miss Columbia:

I woo thee, not for thy unequalled charms of form and feature, but for the wealth and grace of intellect thou art so worthily possessed of. I pledge thee love and devotion, bound, not by physical attraction, for the changes wrought by physical attraction, for the changes wrought by time are such as do not enhance the security to such a bond, but by thy progressive intellectual qualities, which time will but improve and entich. My love and devotion, like the rind, shall grow firmer and brighter "with the process of the suns." As to myself, "thou knowest." Should my proposal, through the operation of affinity or natural selection, prove acceptable to thee, theu shall our lives henceforth be devoted to combining, distilling, condensing and continuing the better qualities within us, in such forms as will not wither, but remain beings of beauty and of intellect. A favorable decision will justify the signature, yours forever,

A Candid Declaration.

Dear Miss Columbia : I love you. Is this too sudden a declaration on the part of one who has known you so short a time? I think not. Your quick perception must have enabled you to read my heart from the first, while your intelligence will tell you, that a speedy and candid declaration would be the only course a man of my nature could take—a plain, rugged sort of fellow, who has hitherto been unconscious of any romance in his composition and no courtier to woman, but who, now that the romance of his life has come to him, can neither keep his secret nor endure suspense. A month ago my business occupations filled my existence: now all this is changed. The charm of your presence and the delight of your bright companionship have created dreams within me of what that existence might be with you to share it. You have entered my life, brightened it, and won my heart. What, then is left for me but to say, I love you; will you be my wife?

ARTHUR C. WALLACE.

A Proposal of the Times.

I'll love thee for a hundred years,
A hundred years, my own;
A hundred years, my own;
A hundred years, my own;
A hundred great, a hundred fears
Shall from thy life be flown.

I'll woo thee with a hundred arts,
A hundred arts, my sweet;
And if I had a hundred hearts
I'd lay them at thy feet.
I'll carn for thee a hundred dowers,
A hundred dowers, my pearl;
My love shall pour a hundred showers
Of jewels on my girl.

I'll pray each day a hundred prayers,
A hundred prayers, my life;
Besieging heaven unawares
For bleasings on my wife.

Then, darling, raise a hundredfold
My hopes, and end my fears;
A man gets just a little old
Who waits a hundred years.

G. WASHINGTON,

Conscious of a Void.

During the past few years I have been increase ingly sensible of a vacancy in my life and my ons. The more I have seen and known of you the better has that vacancy been defined and that lacking form delineated, until at this and that lacking form delineated, until at this moment the desire for a speedy alleviation of my lonely and half perfect condition becomes absolutely irrepressible. I therefore ask you to become my wife. My inmost love, the dearest tribute of my nature prompting me, I eagerly follow the dictates of my heart into this course, well knowing it to be the only one consistent with my future happiness. Hemember, dear one, that, as in the days of old, so it is true now, that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and oh! hasten to minister effectually to my peace of mind, as you, and you alone, can. Then I believe as much of Joy as is common to the lot of mortals here may soon and lastingly be ours.

She Must Choose His Road.

My Descreet Columbia :
As it is impossible for me to communicate with you otherwise. I write these lines, knowing full well that the words they contain will lose a large part of the feeling and sincerity which envelone then in my own person. If you do not know that I love you sincerely, it is not my fault. I have earnestly tried, during our rather brief acquaintance, to show you in every manner, without embarrassing or disgusting you, that you held a very sacred place in my heart. How well I have succeeded I do not know, but I do know that there comes a time in a man's life when it

To Dislodge the Enemy,

When it takes the form of disease of the kidneys or bladder, is a task well nigh impossible of accomplish-ment. Renal and vesical maladies are more obstinate than any others. Counteract, therefore, the earliest in dications of inactivity of the many organs with Hos tetter's Stomach Bitters, which possess, among other excellent qualities, those of an efficient diuretic. The degree of stimulation apparent from its use reaches, but never goes beyond, the bounds of safety. It invigorates always, never irritates. Bright's disease, diabetes, catarrh of the bladder, are diseases successfully com-bated in their incipiency with this benign medical stimulant and tonic. Besides reinforcing and regulat-ing the kidneys and bladder, the Bitters is a specific for fever and ague, constipation and dyspepsia.

appears to him as though there were two roads in front of him—one dark, gloomy and lonely, while the other is as bright and cheerful as blooming flowers and dancing sunbaams can make it. The road I shall take rests entirely with you! If you will accept me for your guide and comforter through life I give you the solemn promise of an earnest man that no act or word of mine shall ever bring to you a frown or cause a tear to flow. Yours anxionally and lovingly.

STEADFAST.

Stanzas to Miss Columbia. The Spring returns and clothes again All nature with her verdant vest; New foliage decks the smiling plain And tunes to-day each grateful breast.

The hawthorn blossom charms the eye, Bweet odor flings the flowering bean, Rich apple buds in beauty vie: But lovelier blooms my handsome queen.

The gay laburnum graceful spreads s golden beauties to the breeze, fragrance sweet the sweetbrier sheds, it thou art loveller far than these.

The chestnut's rich pagoda flower (None gaver graces Flora's train) And Illacs gay which deck her bower Compared with thee are but a name.

The splendid tulip's stateliness.
The regal rose's fragrant charm.
The modest violet's loveliness.
Combine my own sweet girl to form.

Her outward graces peerless shine. Matchless alke her mental worth: This fires my breast to call her nine. And chains my ardent hopes to earth.

Milt thou be mine, my only love,
And run with me this earthly race?
My soul's sole hope, like Noah's dove,
Hath but one lonely resting place.
J. W. W.

He Is Not Perfection.

In submitting for your consideration this proposition of marriage, I assume that court-ship seldom acquaints the parties thereto with all the phases of character subsequently developed during wedded life, and which, when of an oped during wedded life, and which, when of an offensive nature, and not mutually avoided or overcome by diplomacy, result in continued unhappiness. I therefore ask (should my proposal be accepted) that you bear in the future with any now latent disagracable peculiarity of my nature, and that your strive always to make yourself a being to whom I shall come for comfort and advice; to exert your womanly graces to the end that I may so regard you as to consider it my imperative duty to gratify your most insignificant wish. I shall endeavor to eccupy a similar position in your estimation, and the a similar position in your estimation, and the one, sustained and aided by the example of the other, shall be sovereign of a possession of greater value than the wealth of nations—his spouse's love—and life be with him an undying courtship. Yours, in expectation,

HENRY HEISSENBUTTELL.

Not Worthy of Her.

My Dear Miss Columbia : Not being an adept in the art of letter-writing. more especially in this most delicate and sentiearnest, pleasant and yet most serious question that can be uttered or expressed by your devoted admirer, this question, usually asked for and granted between lovers in all times when alone, in their own sweet companionship, may seem to lose in your eyes the higher feelings of love's best gift when but tamely expressed in these lines. May it not be so. In flowery language I cannot write, but in carnest words I pray my wish be granted, that you, dearest Columbia, will become by wife. I have loved you long and sincerely. You have become my ideal in woman, beautiful, indeed, in all that makes you the fairest flower on this earth. In no sense am I worthy of you, but only in the great love I bear you and in my most earnest endeavor to make your life a pleasant and happy one. Hoping the favor of a speedy and favorable reply, I remain your devoted admirer, that can be uttered or expressed by your de-

My Dear Miss Columbia:
You and I have known each other for quite a
while, yet I think you will be somewhat surfore been bold enough to write to you on the subject which is now agitating me. As you subject which is now agitating me. As you know, I am about thirty-five years of age, vigorous and healthy in mind and body. My worldly possessions are sufficient for all my present or prospective wants. My nature is loving and domestic, and having lived singly up to this time, I begin to feel the need of a congenial companion to share life's joys and sorrows, should any of the latter come. I therefore address you with an offer of my undivided affection for life, and trust that you will, after due reflection, give a favorable reply, which will make me the happiest man on earth. Awaiting your decision, I subscribe myself your true friend for life, and most ardent admirer.

Philo.

[From the Jescelers' Weekly.] Street Auctioneer-There, gentlemen, is one day of his inauguration. How much am I offered for it?"

Countryman—Lookee here, feller citizens, that man's a swindler. I bought both o' Washington's cuff-buttons over in Fulton street two hours ago. of the cuff-bottons worn by Washington on the

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 26 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen. THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPLEMENTON OF VICE.

BAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.)

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough mean-

time ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

When she bacame Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castor

NOT A THEATRICAL HARVEST.

MANY MANAGERS LOST A GOOD DEAL THIS CENTENNIAL WREE.

Minnie Maddern's Approaching Advent at the Madison Square Theatre-Dixey in "Adonis" at the Grand Opera-House Next Week-Bronson Howard Not Yet

Miss Minnie Maddern's advent to the Madison Square Theatre next week will be a very welcome Miss Maddern is one of the exceptions to the rule that child-actresses rarely become necessful. She has been doing sympathetic 'ingenue" work ever since her juvenile days. Three years ago, at the Park Theatre, she rather astonished New York theatre-goers by her work in "Caprice," and two seasons later she made a hit in Steele Mackaye's "In Spite of All," which was presented at the Lyceum Theatre directly after the failure of Mackaye's "Dakolar. Her work in "In Spite of All" was emotional. and such was her success

and such was her success that she has been playing it for the past wo seasons throughout the country. Miss Meddern was ofered leading juvenile parts in two stock companies here, but refused them. She preferred to star. She has just closed a season of thirty weeks which extended as far West as St. Paul and Minneapolis. In 'Featherbrain,' the play she is to froduce on Monday night at the Madison Square Theatre, her work will be entirely different to anything she has ever done in this city. The play was originally written by two French authors, one of whom was manager of a theatre in Paris. As, according to the rules of French authors, no manager can produce a play of his own in his own theatre, this comedy was nanded to a third, who finished it, dood sponsor for it and produced it. It ran for a year in Paris and was then purchased by Charles Wyndham, who produced it at the Criterion Theatre, Loudon, adapted for English audiences by James Albery, This verion will be used here, with a number of introductions by Belasco. In the cast at the Madison Square will be Odette Tyler, Adehide Stanhope, Ethelyn Freund, Edith Bird, Emma Maddern, Wilton Lacksye, James O. Barrows, William Faversham, Thomas Burns and "Gns "Bruno.

The Centennial festivities were theatrically disastrous. Managers expected to make a fortune. Some of them lost a great deal. Those who had been so anxious to play their attractions in this city, and who even offered a bonus for the privilege, are naturally elated as their lucky escape is brought home to them. The Academy of Munic, the Bijou, the Eden Musee and one or two other houses, however, were packed Monday and Tuesday.

Bronson Howard, instead of going to Europe, has taken a house at New Hochelle. He wants to see the last performance of Robson and Crane in "The Henrietta" at the Star Theatre,

Charles Glenney, who sailed with Marcus Mayer for Europe yesterday, is to join Crane . . .

Joke: Maurice Barrymore has a dog named fay, and the cry is, There goes Barry and his Fav."
N. B. —Agents wanted by William Dunlevey, manager of Barry and Fay, to circulate this airy little jest.

Henry E. Dixey plays "Adonis" next week for the first time at "popular prices." This condescension will take place at the Grand Opers-House. Dixey was to have played there last year for two weeks, but paid T. Henry French a bonus of \$1,000 for cancellation of

Notes of the Brooklyn Theatres. Handsome WillWest makes a most picturesque Romeo in the Shakespearian first part of Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels, now at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre. Their entertainment is replete with Washingtonian reminiscences and hatchet anecdotes, and the inimitable George Thatcher, the king of story-tellers, is at his best.

Thatcher, the king of story-tellers, is at his best.

"Pete" has caught the popular taste as interpreted by Edward Harrigan and his Park Theatre Company at the Amphion Academy. In this drama Mr. Harrigan plays the rôle of a plantation favorite, a line of character he has not enacted for some years. Joseph Bparks fills Dan Collyer's place most acceptably.

A number of new and interesting features have been added to "McKenna's Flirtation" since it was last presented in Brooklyn by Barry and Fay. In its present shape it is affording untold amusement for the patrons of the Grand Opera-House, who relish good things, and coming as frequently as they have been of late take them as a matter of course.

In the last act of "Jocelyn," at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Hose Coghian gives an exhibition of fencing which proves all that has been claimed for her as an expert swordswoman. Miss Coghian always was a general favorite in Brooklyn, and she is keeping up that good opinion of her friends by her excellent work in her new piece.

Years ago, when known as Baby Bindley.

New piece.

Xears ago, when known as Baby Bindley, Florence J. Bindley won golden opinions for herself as the cleverest child actress before the public. Now that she has developed into a full-fledged southette, she gives promise of representing her former success. She has pleased the patrons of Proctor's immensely in "Dot," which she is now giving there.

Visitors to the Centennial conditions of the content of the content

patrons of Proctor's immensely in "Dot," which she is now giving there.

Visitors to the Centennial exercises will learn much of the topography of New York by witnessing the performance of Leonard Grover's new drama. "Lost in New York," which is at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre this week, Many familiar scenes are pictured in the drama, including a very true picture of the river front, showing the Brooklyn Bridge and introducing several boats and steamers in miniature.

An instance of the popularity of Monroe H. Rosenfeld, The World's composer, was furnished at Zipp's Casino when Minnie Schult sang three of his most recent successes, one after the other, with immense success. The songs were "The Flag That's Waved One Hundred Years," "With All Her Faults" and "Those Lovely Brooklyn Girls."

William Ludwig and his company of Irish artists will give a grand concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music to-morrow evening, when an interesting programme will be furnished. The entertainment promises to be one of the best of its kind seen in Brooklyn for a long time.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a child, she cried for Castoria,

EM'LINE SHE AIN'T WELL.

WRITTEN BY THE EVENING WORLD PORT.
Just thought I'd look in on ye, Doc, as I was

goin' by. Been knockin' 'round the village with a load o' stuff tu sell.

I'm feelin' purty good myself sin' wheat has ris so high. It puts new life in the old man, but Em'line

It's comin' on towards Spring, ye know, and work is comin' long. I've got a lot o' bran new fence tu build down

in the dell. Also a new line wall tu make 'twixt me 'nd neighbor Strong. I'll have tu board a lot o' men, but Em'line she

ain't well. She's been a kinder rannin' down sin' you was thar last year. She has an achin' in her side 'nd sorter faintin

Real offen, but, of course, ye know a woman's allers queer
'Nd apt ter grunt; still I du think that Em'line

I thought that mebby you might fix her up some

bracin' thing. So she could do her work agin after a leetle Ye see, it just continually keeps me upon s string.

'Nd everything seems out o' jint when Em'line she sin't well. No. Doc, she never kept no gal tu help her, for

A hired gal costs money, 'nd one can never

How much they eat upon the sly, 'nd so it seems We'd better du without one, though Em'line she ain't well.

Yes, Doc, I've got as good a farm as thar is out o' door, 'Nd it's all paid for tu, by gum! which I am

We've done it all with our own hands, took forty years 'nd more, Just out o' debt 'nd, dum it all, now Em'line she ain't well.

Oh, yes. of course, Doc, she's worked hard bout all her life, but then It's good deal better tu wear out than rust out in yer shell.

Nd wimmen they enjoy poor health, ye know they aint like men. So fix up suthin' for her, Doc, for Em'line she ain't well.

What's this 'ere, a prescription? hope 'taint expensive now Ye say it is? Doc. money's skerce 'nd has been quite a spell.

Want me tu read it? Guess I will. It's purty tough, I vow, Tu have to spend good money just cause Em'line she ain't well.

Entire relief from every care! and stop all kinds of work! A kerridge ride each mornin' fer quite a leetle

A girl experienced and smart who won't her buginess shirk ?" Je-ru-sa-lem ! what, all o'that cause Em'line she ain't well?

You say ye saw her 'tother day when I was 'way from hum.
'Nd that she's worked herself tu death almost,

Now you don't tell! What's that ye say? "Won't live six months in this way !" Well, I vum ! I'm stumped, although of course I know that

Em'line she ain't well. It's the biggist old prescription I ever had tu I 'spose I'll have tu du it, though, or hear her

Satisaparilla Satisaparilla But tis as 'tis, she's got me foul she ain't well. WILLIAM EDWA BATHE SORE The Best Spring!! Edicine But tis as 'tis, she's got me foul she ain't well. WILLIAM EDWA BATHE SORE FEET and aching limbs with POND'S EXTR. comforting, seething: ourse lameness, so reduces a welling and inflatmation. Ge wrapper, with landscape trade-mark.

offer. He would have excused himself, but Am-

brosio refused to exempt him from his duty, and

He was conducted into a dimly lighted apart-

ment, where a numerous circle of sorrowing

he therefore repaired to the residence of

Only Once 100 Years. Such an Opportunity.

On account of bad weather last week this Sale will continue until SATURDAY, 8 P. M.

Washable Vests.

5,000 FANCY STRIPED AND SPOTTED DE-SIGNS, 5-BUTTON, NOTCH COLLAR, WORTH \$1.50 TO \$2.00, AT

99c.

CHOICE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF BEST GRADES IN FANCY LINEN DUCK VESTINGS, ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS, BOUGHT TO SELL

1,350 TENNIS BLAZERS, ALL SIZES AND

THE ABOVE ARE OF THE CELEBRATED MAKERS, ALFRED, BENJAMIN & CO.

SPECIAL IN HABERDASHERY.

275 DOZEN GENUINE GUYOT'S SUS-

24c.

200 DOZEN ENGLISH MIKADO SUS-PENDERS, THE LATEST CRAZE,

37c. HOSIERY.

300 DOZEN FAST BLACK HALF HOSE,

22c.

1,000 DOZEN FANCY 2-THREADED ENG-LISH BALBRIGGAN HALF HOSE,

6 PAIRS, \$1.00. Largest Stock of Men's Furnishings in the United States.

CARPET - CLEANING AT THE GREAT

AMUSEMENTS.

BLUEBEARD'S CHAMBER.

100 OTHER CURIOSITIES AND

MARVEL OF THE AGE

GRAND MUSEUM Bird Paris Bird Series

Hourly Stage Performances

345 2347

GHAND ST

383 Broadway,



123 Fulton St.,

No Pockets Necessary. 'Nd come to think, it's less than them ar under-| From the Clothier and Fornisher. | Customer—How much are these trousers ? takers' bills. So of the two I'll choose the least when High-Priced Tailor-Twenty dollars, sir. \$ By Em'line she ain't well.

he way, how will you have the pockets ar-ranged? You ask me, Doc, if she hain't airned enough tu Customer (gloomily)-You needn't put in any. pay it all. In forty years o' patient toil? Well, now, the BUSINESS NOTICES.

truth tu tell. ARE UNLIKE ALL OTHER PILLS. Marging or pain. Act specially on the liver and to CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. One pill a dose guess she has, 'nd done it, tu, when she could But still it kinder makes me stew when Em'line CANCER, TUMOR, THEIR CURE, FREE she ain't well.

Ye see, Doc, all we both have airned is put intu 'Nd thar aint nothin' comin' tu her 'sides that as I can tell.

But still, Doc, if ye really think thar's much cause fer alarm. I s'pose I'il have tu shell out just cause Em'line she aint well. I'd hate tu lose her, that's a fact. I don't know what I'd du.

What that ar woman's head is with I can't begin to tell. Why, Doc! I'm ruther lose my stock 'nd pair o So 'taint no wonder that I fret when Em'line she aint well.

Now. what's yer charge for this advice? A dol-lar! great Gee-whit!



Say, Doc, I'll pay in slip'ry elm, the next tree I ain't a takin' any risks when Em'line she ain't

It ain't the best thing fer a man tu be dependent Upon a woman that he can't afford tu lose her;

If I was goin' tu start agin' I wouldn't be, I is, she's got me foul when Em'lin she ain't well WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

Fer 'spose'n she should die, there'd be a dollar

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE. MAY THE BOY TRAMP. R. JACOBS' (THALIA) MATINEES MODDAY, WEDNESDAYA SATURDAY, SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON." MAY 0.— PECK'S BAD BOY. KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL

MATINEE TO-DAY. PALMER'S THEATRE IER'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th st.
McCAULI. OPERA COMPANY.
THE MAY QUEEN.
WEDNESDAY, MAY S.
"CLOVER," by Franz Yon Supps.

MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th st., nr. B'way Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager SATURDAY MATINEF A LAST CAPTAIN SWIFT. 6TH WEEK CAPTAIN SWIFT. MONTH. May 7-Miss Munic Maddern in Foatherbrain.

NIBLO'S, Orch, Circle and Balcony, Since ZIG-ZAG.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2 P. M.
Broadway, corner 41st at. EVENINGS AT 8.
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.
ADMISSION 50c.

A CADEMY. OLD HOMESTEAD.
MATINEE 75.-MORROW
Evenings 8 15. Afternoons 2.

DALY'S THEATRE SERVICES LONDON COMPANY AT 2, MISS ROSINA VOKES LONDON COMPANY OF THE PROPERTY PROCTOR'S THEATRE Wed & Sat. 500 COUNTY FAIR.

EV PARK THEATRE 35th at A Broadway.
LOYALTY EVERY EVENING AT 8.15
Reserved seats, 50c.
MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. BATTLE OPEN ALL DAY A EVENING. 19TH ST.

A MBERG THEATRE, TO NIGHT, BENEFIT TO Carl Friese, first time Dunkel-Dankel, or Die Hochseit des Roservisten; Friday, Saturday Mattices and evening Dunkel-Dankel.

They were, however, happy, for they were not to her, promising a speedy return. However, he | reply.

On his arrival he hastened to Theresa, whom he found alone on a terrace overlooking the shore, absorbed in thought of her lover.

In a delirium of passion, Giulio at first responded to all her feelings; but suddenly dart-His deadly paleness and the wild expression of his countenance rendered this scene truly dread-

"Theresa," said be, at length, mournfully, we must separate. You know not all you have

(To be Continued To-Morrow.)

PALACE MUSEUM, Open 11 to 11, 14th St., near 4th Ave.
Admission, 10c.
Both want wive.
COFFEY, Skeleton Dude, Weight, 50 lbs. Fat German Duda Weight, 300 lbs. 1,000,000 other cu-Guiteau's Head.

"Guyasentis A Whas
Is It?" Lady Singtils,
sword walker; Galyin
Nels, Tels cope
pistol juggler; Capt.
Thornton and wis,
tattoo ed people;
t

SACRED CONCERTS SUNDAY. UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

AND WATTNEE NATURAL ONLY,
LECTURE BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. 14TH STREET THEATRE COR. 6TH AVE

J. K. EMMET OR, FRITZ IN A MADHOURE New Songs, including Laughing Jacks, 2.20c. 18-sorred, 30c., 10c., 76c., 81, 81.80.

BLJOU THEATRE Brosdway, near 30th at Matiness WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. Oth week of the "irresistibly funny comedy,"

By HOYT, author of "A Brass Monkey." The Old Homestead and "Henrietta" rolled into one Galley, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., 21, 51,50. TRAND OPERA-HOUSE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

CLARA MORRIS. TO NIGHT

CLARA MORRIS. ATTOLE 47.

NEXT WEEK, HENRY E. DIXEY AT "ADONIS"

Next Sunday. "Our Country." from 1789 to 1889.

Beauthuilly Blustrated by Prof. Cromwell. STANDARD THEATRE ATE SATURDAY

Brilliant Revival of the Gorgeous Spectacle, the BLACK CROOK. TH AVENUE THEATRE, BROADWAY & 28TH.
Evenings at S. Saturday Maxinee at 2,
MINNIE PALMER.

MY BROTHER'S SISTER. STARTHEATRE. Broadway and 13th a. Farewell Tour of the Comedians.
STEART ROBSON. WM. H. CRAME in Broadway Howard's great comedy, THE HENRIETTA. BROADWAY AND SOTH ST. SATURDAY MATINER AT &

Seats reserved 2 weeks in advance. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. TONY PASTOR'S OWN CO. BIRCH AND MORAN'S MINSTRELS. WINDSOR THEATRE, BOWERY NEAR OA MAL.
GUS WILLIAMS in the
Delightful Home Comedy,
KEPPLER'S FORTUNES,
Next Week-Miss Kate Claxton in the Two Orphans.

THEISS'S BOUAL IN THE WORLD. ALMAN-BRA COURT, 130 R. 14th 4. THE MONSTER ORCHESTRION. Mr. McKEE RANKIN. wipported by Miss Makele RANKIN.

Supported by Miss Makel Bert and a strong company in

THE RUNAWAY WIFE

Next week—The Still Alarm. Matinee Saturday.

YOUM THEATRE, Makele Famons Play.

Holssee and Dy Mile's Famons Play.

THE WIFE — Mat. Saturday. — THE WIFE

THE WIFE — Mat. Saturday. — THE WIFE Hungarian LADY DANCERS. AFT

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS. ZIPP'S CASINO, 10 and 12 Eim place, Brooklyn.
MAY 9, BENEFIT FOR SOUTHERN CONFEDERATE HOME.
Under the auspices of Greeklyn Citizens' Committee.
James D. Bell. Chairman, thoratic C. King, Secretary to the Committee of Committee

ZIPP'S CASINO GO AND HEAR MINNE SCHULT sing the latest motte song, "Strike the Iron While It's Hot," written for her by Wm. Gilligan. GRAND IRISH MUSICAL FESTIVAL

and his artistic concert company of Irish artists, pro-nounced by the American press and public to be the most refined and delightful of entertalments. Admission, 50c. Now on sale at Chandler's, 172 Montague st. Now on saie at Chandler's, 172 Montague et.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE.

Cor. of Washinston and Johnson sta.

MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY & BAT.

LOST IN NEW YORK.

Next week, QUEEN'S EVIDENCE.

AMPHION ACADEMY, Knowles & Morris, Losses & Managers, Every Evening, Matthees Wednesday and Saturday Edward Harrigan in PETE. GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Knowles & Morris, Barry & Fay in McKenna's Flirtation. LEE AVE. ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Brookyn, E. D.
This week, with Saturday Matines only,
ROSE COGHLAN
In JOCKLYN
Nest week, JOHN WILD RUNNING WILD.

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST PROCTOR'S THEATRE. NOVELTY.

Evenings DOT: Or, THE S o'clock AVENGER'S OATH.

GIULIO.

A Love Story of Most Intense and Dramatic Interest.

By NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NOW FIRST PRESENTED TO THE NOVEL-READING PUBLIC. Authenticated by Louis Antoine de Bourrienne, the Great Emperor's Private Secretary,

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

romanitis a mysterious fortune-teller, who makes a strange prediction for his future.
Giolio joins a monastery, where he soon acquires fame as an elequent preacher. As occasion, his eyes meet those of a beautiful woman. He falls in love with her, e vows of love. Thereas is the wife of an old man whom she does not love. His d he writes to Thereas, bidding her to fly from him, saying that he never loved her.

cost the unhappy Guilio, thine own grief would be forgotten in commiseration for his suffer-

Giulio was a prey to the utmost disquietude; three months had flown away and he had heard no news of Theresa; time seemed still further to inflame his passion, and he now wholly avoided society.

Having, on the plea of ill health, obtained a

dispensation from Father Ambrosio, he relinquished his public functions, shut himself up in his cell, or wandered during the night among the tombs of his bretnren, thus en-couraging the fatal morbidness of his feelings, having neither the strength of mind to subdue his passion, or yet to yield himself up to it. Distracted, above all, by the agonizing pangs of suspense, which sap the springs of life, he could neither review the past with satisfaction nor look forward to the future with hope.

VIII.

ing her to the tomb; but, respecting her silene he forebore to question her on the subject. He entreated Father Ambrosio, who was held in

"Pardon! oh! pardon, Theresa. Giulio a thine forever."

peared more sweet than life.
Giulio folded her in his arms; he would have prolonged her life at the expense of his own.
"Thou shalt live; thy lover is with thee! My Theresa! speak to me! Am I not again to hear thee?" he cried.

These words reanimated Theresa; she could

not speak, but she beheld Giulio, she heard his

voice, she pressed his hand; to die thus ap-

The sound of his voice seemed to reanimate the strength of Theresa. "I love you, Giulio! I love you!" murmured she. These words were life to him. What need had she to say more?

Man Carlotte

gether flew rapidly away; the certainty of seeing each other again gave them courage to sep-Theresa recovered her health.

appeared to forget his scruples and his remorse. Wholly engrossed by Theresa, he watched with the most tender interest the progress of her rethat her life depended on him, and this pretext for continuing their intercourse he interpreted as a duty.

Theresa longed to know the cause of his sadness. She had never questioned him on the subject, but before she could share his sorrows it was necessary to know the cause whence they

terror: "Love! Sacritege! Murder!" The emotion of Theresa was extreme, but the | ful to Theresa. word love threw a fatal spell over her heart and her imagination; and when Giulio repeated time could not share his emotions.

"Sacrilege! Murder!" she softly replied. "Theresa," said he, at length. "Love !" thinking thus to calm the agitation of his spirit, because with her love was everything. Sometimes Giulio, led away by the violence of his passion, fixed on her a look which she dare

tremble, and a dangerous silence succeeded to heaven," cried be, "approach me not!" iose tremulous emotious.

was detained by numerous obstacles, and it was covery. He durst not afflict her. He perceived more than a mouth before he returned to Mes- billet:

> Never before had she appeared to him so beautiful, so seducing. He gazed at her for a moment in ecstasy, but not long could be resist the temptation of addressing her, of hearing He spoke; she perceived him and flew into his

Giulio related to her his interview with the ing back with horror, he fell on his knees, and Sibyl and his flight from the paternal roof. In remained with his hands clasped, his eyes fixed. the course of this recital all his horrible feelings and m a state of the most dreadful agitation.

She durst not approach him, and for the first

Theresa scarcely understood his words, but

She stood trembling and motionless. She They were, however, happy, for they were not grained. Grulio was obliged to be absent on quainted with its madness. Giulio, impatient Giulio visited her every day. A delightful intimacy reigned between them, and the lover trusted by Father Ambrosio. He had not courrow, "said he, "my fate will be decided," and

billet:

Theresa: I cannot again see yon; I am unhappy in your presence. I know you cannot comprehend what I feel. Theresa, you must be mine, but it must be by your own free will. Never could I have the coarage to take advantage of your weakness. Yesterday you saw it. I tore myself from your arms because you said not "I will be thine." Reflect seriously. We are lost forever, oh. Theresa: Eternal perdition! How terrible these words! In thy arms they will interpose between me and happiness. For ns there is no longer peace. Death, the only refuge, is not a refuge for us. To-morrow, if you wish to see me—and you know the price—tonourse defulle; if not, thou art mine forever. Forever belongs to eternity. How dare I pronounce the words! Adieu!

Theresa, gentle and timid by nature, was overwhelmed with terror on perusing this letter;

overwhelmed with terror on perusing this letter; the words eternal perdition seemed to her a terrible malediction.
"Giulio," she ejaculated. "we were happy!

Why could not that happiness satisfy you ? no more was impossible, and yet she exclaimed : "Remorse will pursue him without ceasing. Oh, Giulio! thou hast confided to me thy destiny and I ought to sacrifice myself for

Giulio often rose to her lips, but love protected it, even in her delirium. His name was not betrayed. She only murmured, in a low voice: "I Had Giulio in the mean time succeeded in recovering his tranquillity or stifling his remorse?

Theresa was attacked by a violent fever, which threatened to deprive her of life; the name of wholly abandoned himself to his fatal passion. The sacrifice seemed to him sufficient, so hor-rible had been the effort to write that letter! Oh, Theresa! if thou couldst know what it

The long and tedious malady of Theresa was neceeded by a state of weakness not less alarming; she thought her end approached, and wished to fulfil the last duties of religion. Her husband, who tenderly loved her, was convinced that some hidden sorrow was hurry-

No, his sufferings were extreme. After having great veneration, to visit Theresa. Ambrosic promised to comply with his request, but an unforescen circumstance pre-vented him from fulfilling his promise; he diected Giulio to go in his stead to the house of Signor Vivaldi, the husband of Theresa, to adninister consolation to a dying female.

Alas ! Giulio, himself the victim of despair, had

only tears and sighs instead of consolation to

friends surrounded the bed of the patient. On his entrance every one withdrew, and Giulio was alone with the invalid. Agitated by an indefinable emotion, he remained immovable and irresolute. " Holy Father," said the dying woman, "has

heaven mercy in store for a wretched sinner ?"

Scarcely were these words uttered when

Giulio fell on his knees before the bed, "Theresa! Theresa!" he ejaculated. Who can depict the feelings of the lovers? Explanation was useless—they loved. Giulio related all that he had suffered for her. and accused himself as the cause of her suffer-

The moments in which they conversed to-

IX.
Two years had elapsed since he left Rome, and on the second anniversary of the fatal predictions of the Sibyl he sank into a gloomy reverie.

were revived, and he exclaimed in an accent of

his passion, fixed on her a look which she dare she saw his agitation and endeavored to calm it. not meet; she felt his heart palpitate, his frame but he again repuised her. "In the name of

age to utter an adieu to Theresa, but he wrote darted away without giving Theresa, time to The next day Theresa received the following

She knew not on what to resolve; to see him